

*The Historie of*

*Hot.* My Liege, I did deny no prisoners,  
But I remember when the fight was done,  
When I was drie with rage and extreame toyle,  
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my sword,  
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest,  
Fresh as a Bridgroom, and his chin new reapt,  
Shewd like a stubble land at haruest home:  
He was perfumed like a Milliner,  
And twix his finger and his thum he helde,  
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon  
He gaue his nose, and tookt away againe,  
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
Tookt it in snuffe, and still he smilede and talkt,  
And as the souldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He calde them vntaught knaues, vnmanerly,  
To bring a slouely vnhand-some coarfe,  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility,  
With many holyday and lady tearmes.  
He questioned me: among the rest demanded,  
My prisoners in your Maiesties behalfe.  
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pestered with a Poppingay,  
Out of my grieve and my impatience,  
Answered neglectingly, I know not what,  
He should, or he should not, for he made me mad,  
To see him shine so briske, and sinell so sweet,  
And talke so like a waiting gentlewoman,  
Of guns and drums, and wounds, God saue the marke:  
And telling me, the soweraignest thing on earth;  
Was Parmacity for an inward bruse,  
And that it was great pittie, so it was,  
This villanous Saltpeter should be digd  
Out of the bowels of the harmeles Earth;  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyd  
So cowardly: and but for these vile Guns,  
He would haue been himselfe a Souldiour.  
This bald vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)  
I answered indiretely (as I sayd)

*Henry the*

And I beseech you, let not this re  
Come currant for an accusation,  
Betwixt my loue, and your high

*Blunt.* The circumstance cons  
What er'e *Harrie Piercie* then had  
To such a person, and in such a p  
At such a time, with all the rest r  
May resonable die, and neuer ri  
To doe him wrong, or any way  
What then he said, so he vn say i

*King.* Why yet he doth deny  
But with prouiso and exception,  
That we at our owne charge shal  
His brother in law, the folish *M*  
Who in my soule hath wilfully b  
The liues of those, that he did lea  
Against the great Magitian, dam  
Whose daughter as we heare, the  
Hath lately married? shall our co  
Be emptied to redeeme a traitor h  
Shall we buy treason? and inden  
When they haue lost and forfeite  
No, on the barren mountaine let  
For I shall neuer hold that man m  
Whose tongue shall aske me for c  
To ranse home reuolted *Mort*

*Hot.* Reuolted *Mortimer*?  
He neuer did fall off, my Souera  
But by the chance of warre: to p  
Needs no more but one tongue: f  
Those mouthed woundes which  
When on the gentle *Seuerne* sriedg  
In single opposition hand to han  
He did confound the best part of  
In changing hardiment with gre  
Three times they breath'd, and th  
Vpon agreement of swift *Seuerne*  
Who then affrighted with their b

And

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